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Poetry.

IN MEMORIAM.

BY G. C.

Night is the kindly time of life,
To rest the tired limbs, and sink
In soft repose, as on the brink
Of death, from every mortal strife.

To close the aching eyes and call
From fairy land the kindly dream
Till day's turmoil, and all cares all seem
Oblivious, laid beyond recall.

Night is the time for friends
To gather round the social fire,
Till all the gleaming cups expire
And right man himself undrinks.

A new creative being seems to start
When silent lies the moonlit street,
The cadence of the watchman's note
Seems the faint pulse of the city's heart.

Around the time shroud to walk
Among the city's haunts, and see
How much of wretchedness and misery
Under its sable mantle lie.

And yet their heart must truly pray,
As gazing on the gleam of pain,
To him who said "Let there be light"—
God, will it not soon be day?

When watching by the couch of pain,
You hear the sullen horse,
That sends each stroke an arrow home,
And tells the night begins to wane.

There restless, toiling to and fro,
The friend you love, whose heart is twined
In closest links with yours combined,
You feel the keenness of your woe.

And wildly in the gruesome night
You gasp wake and wildly start,
And grope for one who's not there,
Is by your side, though it were light.

My friend, mine own familiar friend,
And yet thus gone, I thought that I
Would be the first to say good-bye,
And for this life our friendship end.

But thus fast fallen, could the hand
That sped the laden messenger of death
And struck thee down, be his that said
"All that is done, is done by my command."

Oh fair Virginia, once so smiling fair,
Thy reckless soul has made us wildly mourn
And almost moan "Would we had never been
born."

For our hearts blood and life have perished there.
Sincerely in heart I dare to think
Of years that may roll o'er me, though
I cannot feel, not care, not think,
Submissively, but still I shrink.

Mine own familiar friend, God give me grace
To live as thou didst live—so heavenly die—
That when at last I yield my latest sigh
I meet thee, heart to heart, face to face.

To feel the touch of thy familiar hand,
To feel the touch of that blessed time
When joy unspeakable and joys divine
Together we shall walk in this earthly land.

THE SISTERS.

I.

There were two sisters, one was fair,
With yellow lights in her wavy hair.
The other was dark, and in her eye
Lurked the sultry fire of southern sky.

They both had lands, those sisters two,
Broad in extent and fair to view.
With towns and cities on hill and plain,
And rivers which flowed to greet the main.

The fields of the one with wheat and corn,
Swept in the breath of the wind at morn.
Her sons at the plow and sowing seed,
Or welded the axe in the shady wood.

She built great ships that over the seas
Sped on the wings of the ocean breeze.
Ploets of these in her ports found room,
Her factories hummed with the busy loom.

There men and women, early and late,
Labored to earn the bread they ate.
Her children flocked to her schools to learn
Knowledge profound and wisdom stern.

In autumn months she stood in the field
Laden with fruit of the harvest's yield.
Its granaries full through long years of peace,
She gathered the wealth of the earth's increase.

And the winds which blew from her snowy hills
Were not more free than her people's wills.
The swelling slopes of the other shone white
With cotton blooms in the hot sun light.

Under the shade of ancestral trees
Her sons and daughters lived in ease.
Her dusky bondman, stalwart and strong,
Cultivated the fields the whole day long.

Hard and sinewy were his hands,
His muscles were like iron bands.
A modern Samson in strength was he,
Born of his glorious liberty.

Sometimes a patient song of toil
From his lips as he tilled the soil.
Sometimes at night his yearning eyes
Were turned to a star in the polar skies.

And a hungry longing for freedom gave
Wings to the feet of the dusky slave.
But his blood-bought bonds on the track
Of his deep-moored bayings drove him back.

At the moulting place he stood
The bondman sullen and stern of mood.
And like a chattel was bought and sold—
A human being for so much gold—
Down the river—a far on the wave;
Was wife and child to his slave;
God! that such things ever had been,
And gained the sanction of Christian men!

Heaven grant! she whispered, trying
To be brave and smile, as he left her to tell
The boys of the Twenty-first that he was
Ready to accept the lieutenant's commis-

sion that had been offered him.
It was a proud day when he marched
away with his men. Even his mother, as
she watched him from the window, and
met his fearless eyes which softened into
a glance of love as they saw her face, felt
a thrill of exultation, a pride in her brave
son, which for the time kept her tears
back. But the tears came when she no
longer heard the martial music that cheer-

ed him on—when the noontide silence fell
around her, and the noontide light, gay,
glaring, pitiless, looked in upon her woe!
She shut her window blinds and drew
down her curtains, for the bright day
seemed mocking her. Mute with sorrow,
she sank upon her knees, as if there were

prayer in the very attitude, and then, I
think, Heaven comforted her.
To her soul, at last, came a great peace.
She seemed to draw near the eternal life,
and breathe its air of secure rest. She
felt close, as she had never felt before since
the summer day he died, to Charles's fa-

ther. She knew that she had done what
he would have counseled; and she
strengthened herself with his approval, as
she had done so many times during their
short life together. So she grew strong,
having tasted the air of heaven, to let in
again the light and joy of earth.

But the hardest trial came afterward—
For the extreme moments of life there is
vouchsafed to our need heavenly manna;
it is our daily bread that we have to toil
and pray for. As the slow days went on,
and she could not hear her boy's gay voice
making the great house cheery—could
catch no echo of his laughter, no gleam
of sunshine from his face—all her faith in
heaven, all her belief that she had done
right, could not ease her longing and heart
ache.

You know how it is when a friend dies,
and you believe they have gone home to
a happiness beside which the brightest
hours of earth fade into nothing. If you
could, you would not take the responsibility
of calling them back to the sphere
of doubting and waiting, and yet

"The least touch of their hands in the morn-
ing you keep day and night;
Their least step on the stairs still throbs thro'
You, if ever so light.
Their least gift, which they left to your child-
hood in long ago years,
Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and gazed
at through tears."

And if Charles Wayne had been dead, his
mother would hardly have felt her solitude
deeper than she felt it for the first few
weeks after he went away. But as time
passed on, she grew more accustomed to
her loneliness, and his letters began to
give her comfort. He was in an engage-
ment now and then, and came safely thro'.
She began to hope to see him again.

Before 1862 was over she heard of his
promotion—Captain Charles now. She
had grown strong enough to feel glad and
proud when she heard of it. She wrote
him a cheerful letter of praise and congrat-
ulation, which he put next his heart and
wore more proudly than his new honors.
He had never known—would he ever
know—a dearer love; his mother was
still for him first among women.

One day early in March he wrote her
how beautiful the Virginia spring was;
how the wild, bright blossoms were open-
ing soft eyes to a softer sky, and the birds
were singing a song of peace, peace, when
for man there was no peace.

While she was reading his letter, other
tidings came; a long despatch from one
who knew and loved her boy; the story
of an action, such as in these days of
great battles we scarcely think of, where
only a few companies were engaged, but
in which Charles had fallen, severely
wounded—fallen, as she would be proud to
hear, bravely cheering on his men. He
was wounded in arm and leg, but was safe-
ly in the hospital, and they hoped, would
do well.

It is strange how much strength there
is in the weakest and most loving type of
women in the hours which try men's souls.
I do not think good Dr. Holmes would
to the horrors of the dissecting room, made
ready one who more coolly to start on
the "search for the captain," than she on
hers for Captain Charles. I think she
forgot nothing which he could need, and I
do not believe a tear fell till all her prepa-
rations were over, and she sat in the cars
on her way to him. What if her tears did
fall then, silent, but bitter, behind her thick
veil? There would be no stain of them
when he saw the face which must be
cheerful for his sake.

How the time went she never knew till
she stood beside his bed—saw him white
and weak, with the impress of terrible
pain on his face—but saw him alive in this
world.

"How you must have hurried, mother,
to get here so soon. I did not expect you
yet, but I am glad you are here. They
will cut my arm off to-morrow. They
cannot save it. Sometimes such an opera-
tion proves fatal. I do not think it will
in my case. I keep up a good heart; but
if I should die, I should like to touch your
hand and see your face the last thing in
this world. First and last there's nothing
like mother."

All that night she sat by him. If she
was tired with her journey she did not
know it. She knew that to-night he
was with her—to-morrow night might be
flowering between them the water of that
river from whose shore come back no
echo.

As for him, secretly he expected to die;
but a great content shone from his eyes.

He rejoiced in her presence, like a child
lonely and tired who finds rest in his
mother's bosom. He did not fear what the
morrow would bring—if death, there had
never been a moment when he shrank from
it since he offered his life to the need of
his country.

The morning came at length, and with
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Firmly he insisted upon sending his mo-
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Soon she gathered again strength and
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Then she knelt by his bedside, and felt
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Maimed and halt, her brave boy, of whose
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In the days that followed she nursed
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The last week of May she brought him
home. The apple trees were in dower,
full of a pink whiteness of glorious bloom.
The fields about their country house were
green; and again, as when he went away,
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with shut eyes and clasped hands waiting
for the summons.

At last the assistant surgeon touched
her arm. "He has borne the operation,
madam, much better than we feared. We
shall save his leg, though he may always
be a little lame. His arm is off, and ac-
cording to present appearances he may get
well. His courage will go a great way.
He never groaned through the whole of
it."

She heard the words as one in a dream,
clutching at one thought. Her boy was
alive—likely to live. She tried to stand
and could not. She began to guess then
what the extent of the fear had been whose
reaction was so powerful and exhausting.
Soon she gathered again strength and
composure with the thought that he was
waiting for her, and then she went to him.

Then she knelt by his bedside, and felt
his left arm, all he had now, touch her
neck. The utmost exertion of her self-
control could not keep back sobs and tears.
Maimed and halt, her brave boy, of whose
strength and symmetry she had been so
proud.

She little knew what bitter, despairing
thoughts were struggling then in his heart.
When it was all over, he had just begun to
realize how strong had been his uncon-
scious hope to die. It would have been
so much better, he thought, than to live this
helpless, disfigured bulk, shut out by fate
from manhood's work and woman's love.
Her passion of tears did him good. Re-
membering how she loved him, he grew
strong to live for her sake. Very gently
he touched her hair as he said, "Mother,
you would rather have me as I am than
not to have me at all."

How that question stilled her repinings.
How many mothers had given to the good
cause their all—how many were weeping
at that hour mad, useless tears, which
never thrilled the cold foreheads of dead
sons. She had her boy with her still, she
could touch his lips, look in his eyes, hear
when she spoke. What had she to do
with sorrow? What was it to give an
arm, and the grace of movement she had
loved to watch, when still she could keep
her boy, her brave, true boy? Smiling
again through her tears, she whispered,
"Mother, I think how desolate I must have been
without you, and even as it is I am con-
tent."

Never had Captain Charles been so true
a hero as when he put aside his own sor-
row, the downfall of his hopes, the wound
to his pride, and resolved to strive not an-
y to live, but to be contented with life for
her sake.

In the days that followed she nursed
him back to health again. Never, after
that first hour, did either of them breathe
a single regret. They accepted life with
thankfulness, no protests; and I think at
last Captain Charles grew even to be glad
that he had been allowed to make his sacri-
fice for his country so costly.

The last week of May she brought him
home. The apple trees were in dower,
full of a pink whiteness of glorious bloom.
The fields about their country house were
green; and again, as when he went away,
roses and heliotrope

The belligerents which are doing so much to the desolation and depopulation of a common country, do not always appear to be capable of forming a correct estimation of the effects of the war beyond their lines. At least, from the language of the *Richmond Enquirer*, of Saturday last, the South has not obtained very correct information respecting the situation of the North, in many respects. That journal makes some remarks, however, which show the peculiar affection of the mind with which the were composed. The South, we are told, have their own views of the prospect of peace, but place no reliance in any late change in the skies at the North. That they look to the Generals and to their troops for the fulfilment of their hopes. And what if they should derive less and less encouragement from those sources of consolation? They appear nevertheless to be flattering themselves with civil war prospects in the adhering States; that Northern capitalists will begin to be alarmed at the discontent of the people in their own section which is especially shown to exist to a great and increasing extent wherever the people are demanding higher wages and lower prices. The South are said to calculate that the "Yankees will demand compensation for their losses and sacrifices in a war by which they have been ruined. If the Republicans promise them further success in war, they will regard it as only a postponement of their claims. If Democrats promise peace as the object of the war, capitalists will fear the return of soldiers from a disbanded army. But the *Enquirer* intimates, that our Government may anticipate the Democrats in a movement for peace, though it says the would be of no avail to the South; because the South are to have no peace but that which shall be dictated at the point of the sword. And concludes that they can look for peace only as consequence of Northern troops detained, strong places captured, fields invaded, houses laid in ashes, populations in every way distressed.— And is all this set forth as constituting the predicament on either side on which Lord FAIRFAXTON declared, on the 23d of August, that matters in America would be ripe for English adjustment?

In the later news from Europe, nothing of much importance perhaps in this part of the country has been observed. The seizure of the *Georgia*, once at least a notorious Confederate steamer, by the Federal steamer *Niagara* on the coast of Portugal, may however be considered an exception to that remark. The *Georgia*, it appears, is no longer to be dreaded as one of the cruisers acting in the interest of the Southern rebellion. Months ago, perhaps, the report came that the same cruiser was sold while in Liverpool harbor on Confederate account. Now the statement is, that the sale was made to a Mr. BATES, who afterwards transferred the vessel by charter to the Portuguese government to be employed to run along the West coast of Africa. That in this capacity the *Georgia* left the port of Liverpool with a British register to fulfill the conditions of the transfer. That the seizure was made of the vessel while in the employment of the Portuguese government; and, a prize crew having been put on board, that the same was sent to Boston; while the captain and crew so displaced were landed at Dover, in England.—But it does not appear that there was any statement upon the subject of the seizure, anywhere. The affair seems to have been looked upon as *res inter alios acta*, by the English journals. The *Morning Post* argues and quotes authority to show, that the sale was impertinent; and that the British government has no ground to interfere—leaving the decision to the Prize Court before which the claimant may appear. The general principal being understood to be, that a vessel of war belonging to one belligerent, is not a proper subject of transfer by sale while lying in a neutral port. On the other hand, the *Liverpool Courier* makes an argument in answer and in behalf of the claimant. And saying that the case of the *Georgia* differs from the case quoted by the *Morning Post* which rests upon the decision of Lord STOWELL. But the Federal Court in this circuit will be able to give a better decision, we believe, than the English journals.

have been committed to the Watch house; 17 warrants entered in Court of Justices and 24 citations made, 16 being for violation of State laws and 3 of a City ordinance.

The City Sergeant reports no persons removed from the city by order of the Mayor.

The Inspector of Nuisances reports 40 nuisances, all of which have been promptly abated and the city is and has been during the Summer months in a very clean condition.

The Overseer of Poor reports that 27 vagrants have been sent out of the city and 14 persons have been committed to the Asylum.

The Field Driver reports the impounding of 2 oxen and 5 horses.

The Harbor Master reports having collected port charges from 96 vessels, half of which has been paid into the City Treasury.

REAL ESTATE SALES.—Mr. William W. Tucker, of Boston, has sold one lot on the Cad. wallside place, containing about 100,000 feet of land to Mr. William H. Reynolds, of Providence, for \$25,000.

Mr. Thomas B. Spelman has sold the Greenslade farm in Middletown, containing about fifty acres, to Mr. John S. Haslow, of Providence, for \$15,000.

Mr. Samuel A. Fisher has sold 6,364 feet of land on White street, Green Lane and Appleby Avenue, to Mr. Philip Ruger, for \$900.

The President tendered the thanks of the nation to the gallant officers and men who have achieved our recent victories, and ordered appropriate military demonstrations.

RHODE ISLAND OFFICERS AT THE LIBERTY.—The Richmond Boqueron of the 1st inst., announces the arrival at Liberty Prison of Lieuts. James E. Chase, G. Spencer and W. S. Ferrin, of the First Rhode Island Light Artillery.

Usually it takes four bushels of flax to make a barrel of oil; this season it requires little over our bushels. Three years ago the oil sold for \$9 per barrel, now it sells readily for \$40.

Fourty thousand slaves were shipped to raid the coasts of Atlanta. This is one of the facts that show how useful slavery has been to the rebels in the war. But the slaves labored for slavery in vain.

Resolution to repair Bridge on Long Wharf.
Concurred in.
Petition of Marshal C. Spooner to remove a
petition. Non-concurred in and voted to grant
prayer of the petition.
Resolution to add compensation of Field
ward. Concurred in.
Resolution relative to new reservoirs. Con-
curred in.
Resolution to increase pay of City Watchmen.
Concurred in.
Petition of Marshal C. Spooner voted to re-
turn from former vote, and former as amended,
to give the Committee power to act.

the excess of exports over imports, as reported at the Treasury Department for the months of July and August, 1864, exceeds that of the same period for 1863, by upward of \$26,000,000.

Drum Barney has resigned the collectorship at New York, and Simson Draper has been appointed in his stead.

In a recent trial of the Ames rifled gun in Newport, Conn., a shell weighing 167 pounds, at a distance of 7.14 miles, in 30 seconds.

the U. S. Circuit Court of Philadelphia has decided that the weight of a ton of coal is 2,000 pounds instead of 2,240. The judge said the court could as justly decide to give but 14 pounds for a pound.

COTTRELL & BRYER,
DEALERS IN
FURNITURE:

Manufacturers and Furnishers
OF
GOLDFINCHES,
with hencussary appendages.
All orders promptly attended to.
Thames street. Newport, R. I.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE.

THE beautiful tract of land in the city of New-
port, situated upon Narragansett Avenue
and upon Webster street, fronting the Atlantic
Ocean, consisting of 313,814 square feet,
above seven acres, exclusive of the valuable wa-
ter privileges and beach in front. No property
Newport is more eligibly situated. Land and
dry, elevated about seventy feet above
high water mark. Title perfect, and no enu-
merances. Will be divided into two or four lots
if desired.

Apply to
CHARLES H. WARD,
54 Wall street, New York.

July 2

FOR SALE.

THE fine tract of land in the city of Newpor-
t, R. I., fronting northerly upon Webster s-
treet, easterly upon the lake, southerly upon the farm
of W. B. Lawrence, and westerly upon a private
road, containing 219,192 square feet, or near-
ly five acres of choice land. Will be divided into
two lots, if desired. Title perfect.

Apply to
CHARLES H. WARD,
54 Wall street, New York.

July 2

Farm for Sale.
THE SUBSCRIBER offers his farm for sale, situated in Portsmouth, six miles from Newport, near the Union Meeting House. The farm contains 104 acres of good land, well watered, with a good two story house, barn, office house and other buildings.
For further particulars enquire of
ISAAC P. DULFEE
On the Premises
Jan 10

For Sale.
The Brick House in Mill street, containing five rooms, with Bath Room, Kitchen, &c.
Enquire of
Feb 6 CHARLES H. MUMFORD

FOR SALE.
House, and Lot corner of Broad and Third streets. Price fifteen hundred dollars.
Apply at
March 26 168 THAMES ST

For Sale.
A LOT of LAND 52 by 83 feet, on Franklin well street.
Apply to
GEORGE BOWEN
Newport, April 16—tf

COAL & WOOD.

Diamond Coal.
For sale at the price of common Red A
by
Aug 6 PECKHAM & PITMAN

Blacksmith Coal
of good quality, for sale by
PECKHAM & PITMAN
Aug 6 Commercial wharf

BUTLER COAL
THE SUBSCRIBER offers this coal as an
extremely new article in this market. It is
very pure, White Ash, burning without either
remarkably free from slate, and is a most desir-
able coal for Kitchens and Parlor Stoves.
CHARLES WILLIAMS,
offices 172 Thames street and Williams' wharf
July 30

COAL AND WOOD.
A FULL SUPPLY OF ALL THE BEST VARIETIES
of Anthracite and Semi-Bituminous Coal.
Also Wood of all kinds prepared in any man-
ner desired.
WM. J. SWINBURNE,
July 30 Wharf opposite foot of Mary St.

**PEACH MOUNTAIN,
LYKEN'S VALLEY,
PA.**

LACKAWANNA,
 RED and WHITE AS
 CHESTNUT COAL, for sale by
 JOSEPH BRADFORD,
 Opposite Post Office
 May 7
Walnut Wood,
 for sale at
Bowen's Wharf
 Feb 6

CLOTHING.
 NEW STORE
 AND
NEW GOODS
 THE UNDERSIGNED would respectfully
 announce to the inhabitants of Newport and
 vicinity, that they have this day associated the
 selves together for the purpose of carrying
 the
READY-MADE CLOTHING
 and
Merchant Tailoring Business,
 Under the name and firm of
MUMFORD & CHASE,
 In Young's Block, Corner Parade &
 Thames Street,
 and they would respectfully solicit a liberal
 share of the public patronage.

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date also will favor them. With a call, as
motto will be *quick sales and small profits*.
N. B.—Garments made to order in the la-
sistence and warranted equal to those of any
of establishment.

Persons purchasing their cloths at other es-
tablishments, can have them cut at short notice,
T. C. MEMFORD, S. G. CHA-
April 16

Wm. B. Swan,
DRAPER and TAILOR.
Has for sale a good assortment of
SEASONABLE GOODS.

Clothing ! Clothing !
HAVING just returned from the market
I am prepared to show the best assort-
ment of Ready Made Clothing in this city, consist-
ing of Business Suits to match, and a large vari-
ety of Frock Coats, Walking Coats, Sack Coats,

REAL SCOTCH COATINGS of nice
terms, for the present season, now open
at
D. J. & N. H. GOULD'S,
Established 1763,
70 Thames's
June 25

BLACK DRAP D'ETE of very superior qu
lity, just opened at
D. J. & N. H. GOULD'S,
Established 1763,
70 Thames's
June 25

A FINE ASSORTMENT of Stock of English Walking Coats and Hats, also a large variety of Pants and Vests of all light and dark cloths, can be found at
July 9 140 THAMES STREET

Bathing Suits—Bathing suits in many varieties, on hand or made to order at a few hours notice, at
WM. C. COZZENS & CO.'S,

A NEW STOCK of NECK TIES, JUNGES received at 152 Thames street,
Aug 20 J. H. COZZENS